

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSE.

THIN SHOES.

A Husband's Appeal to his Wife.

Dear wife, I've been thinking—forgive me the thought, I don't know how to say it—
But thinking I've been, of those shoes which you bought.
I don't know a purchase "to kill."
They'll do for the house, but to wear on the street,
Put sure to your shoe must appear,
I don't to be shod, then quite inferior.
The shoes—they're so thin, O my dear!

October's at hand, and the chill's on the air,
Will fever, consumption, and death;
You only by constant attention and care
You hope to confine your health;
You know you are tender and feeble at best,
Afraid of the fall of the year;
Be careful, be careful, be careful, then, lest
You die of wet feet, O my dear!

There's the Nell and the baby—the joy of our life—
And Tommy and Susie, you know;
A mother's warm love in the terrible strife
The children will want as they grow;
Our home without you would be darker than
Night.
And life would be void of its cheer,
While every fair face would be gloomed in the
sight,
If you were away, O my dear!

Our home it is kept like a garden of love,
And some and sweet sunshine come down from
above
To lighten the burden of care;
This place, that invites with its quiet and smile—
A shelter from doubt and from fear—
Would lose its strange power to attract and be
guile,
If, darling, you should not be here.

Your shoes—to be sure they are pretty and neat,
And fitted on Willets to tread,
But paper they seem when you're out on the
street.
Which, soon, if you wear, you'll be dead;
Indeed, it does seem but a crime and a sin
(Of these it is plain you'd be clear)
To go on the street in such shoes—they're so thin—
And risk the wet feet, O my dear!

So now, if you prize the keeping of life,
And hope which together we share,
The joy that are ours unimpaired with this strife,
Then let us to husband's warm prayer,
Oh, never because of the fashion, or pride,
In clumps of the fall of the year,
Go out in thin shoes; for so many have died
Of wearing thin shoes, O my dear!

WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR FARM.

There are not a few entertaining people of the cities, who imagine that a farm of one or two hundred acres has a way of managing itself; and that it works out crops and cattle from time to time, very much as small beer works into a foamy ripeness, by a law of its own necessity.

I wish with all my heart that it were true; but it is not. For successful farming, there must be a well digested plan of operations, and the faithful execution of that plan.

I am satisfied that a great deal of hindrance is done to agricultural progress by those who, while they have only the best intentions in the matter, have, nevertheless, fanned it in a prodigal and careless manner, to be indulged in only by those having large means, and having written glowingly of their efforts have led other men of less means to try the same line of farming to their ruin. My friend, Mr. Talbot, for instance, after accumulating a fortune in the city, is disposed to put on the dignity of country pursuits, and advance the interests of agriculture. He purchases a valuable place, builds his villa, plants, refits, exhausts architectural resources in his outbuildings, all under the advice of a shrewd Scotchman recommended by Thorburn, and can presently make such show of daintiness, and of mammoth vegetables, as excites the stare of the neighborhood, and leads to his enrollment among the dignitaries of the County Society.

But the neighbors who stare have their occasional chat with the canny Scot, from whom they learn that the expenses of the business are "gay large;" they pass a quiet side wink from one to the other, as they look at the vaulted cellars, and the cumbersome machinery; they remark quietly that the multitude of implements does not forbid the employment of a multitude of farm "hands;" they shake their heads ominously at the extraordinary purchases of grain; they observe that the pet calves are usually indulged with a wet nurse, in the shape of some rawboned native cow, bought specially to add to the resources of the fine-blooded dam; and with these things in their mind—they reflect.

If the results are large, it seems to them that the means are still more extraordinary; if they wonder at the size of the crops, they wonder still more at the liberality of the expenditure; it seems to them, after full comparison of notes with the "braw" Scot, that even their own stunted crops would show a better balance sheet for the farm. It appears to them that if premium crops and straight-backed animals can only be had by such prodigious appliances of men and money, that fine farming is not a profession to grow rich by. And yet, our doubtful friends of the homespun will enjoy the neighborhood of such a farmer, and profit by it; they love to sell him "likely young colts;" they eagerly furnish him with butter (at the town price), and possibly with eggs; his own fowls being mostly fancy ones, bred for premiums, and indisposed to lay largely; in short, they like to tap his superfluities in a hundred ways. They admire Mr. Talbot, particularly upon fair days, when he appears in the dignity of manager for some special interest; and remark, among themselves, that "the Squire makes a

thunderin' better committee-man, than he does farmer." And when they read of him in their agricultural, they laugh a little in their sleeves in a quiet way, and conceive, I am afraid, the same unfortunate distrust of the farm journal, which we all entertain—the political ones.—[J. K. MARVELL.]

Since our county contains no large villages, we will try to bear in mind that a large share of our readers are agriculturists and should consequently have a generous portion of our paper devoted to their interests. We invite correspondence on practical farm subjects through our columns; and think it especially important for our farmers to interchange views in the columns of a local paper, because by knowing the character of the climate, soil and lay of each other's land they can better judge how for the experience of one would be practical and advisable to another. There is a vast difference between a sunny sand hill and a cold boggy northern slope. We apprehend that one reason why "book farming" is not more successful is because men do not give sufficient heed to the great differences there are in soils and situations. A, who cultivates a clay farm writes enthusiastically of what he has done and how he did it, whereupon, B, whose farm is a sand plain endeavors to do as A did and fails. B then thinks A was a fraud and that book farming don't pay. The idea that any one can successfully run a farm is a mistake. It requires a great amount of common sense, forethought, and wise planning to make it pay a fair per cent on the investment. Farmers ought, therefore, to learn all they can of the experience of other, and then bring to bear good sound judgment in determining to what extent they will be governed by that experience. Having been reared on a farm and having spent three years apprenticeship, as a practical nurseryman, we hope to bring at least a little common sense and practical knowledge to bear in editing the Farming interest of this paper.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

STEAMED INDIAN MEAL BREAD.—One quart of Indian meal (yellow), one pint of flour, two-thirds teaspoonful molasses, one tablespoonful soda, salt, and sour milk to make a thick batter not too stiff; put it in a pan as for bread and steam it three hours, then bake one-half hour.

GRAHAM BREAD.—Take two cupsful of sour or buttermilk, and one of sweet milk; two cupsful of Graham and one of white flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and one of soda; mix the soda and the salt with the flour, and then add the milk, making all into dough; bake from one to two hours.

TO RELIEVE EARACHE.—Take a piece of fat salt pork and make a plug half an inch long, in such a shape that one end will fit in the ear like a cork—the other end large enough to keep it from slipping in. It gives relief in a few moments. If the piece is likely to drop out, tie a handkerchief over the ears.

POTATO SALAD.—Boil about a quart of small potatoes; peel them; cut up one-quarter pound of clear smoked pork into very small slices; fry them brown; then pour two tablespoonfuls sweet oil, half a goblet full right sour vinegar and a goblet full of water into the pan, and heat this all together; put into a bowl, cut up a small onion and throw in a handful of salt; cut the potatoes in very thin slices; have the salad ready half an hour before you wish to use it.

CARDING THE CATTLE.

A good idea, that of Brother Tinkham, of the Green Mountain Freeman, to utilize the old worn up corn brooms in the cattle stables. He says: "We have seen people card cattle when they thought neither carder nor animal much enjoyed it; the animal would cringe and shrink away from the card, and the carder would tear round and scold, because it did not keep still, evidently not thinking it was the only way the animal had of telling him he hurt. You never see a man rubbing his back against the door-casing unless it itches, nor do cows care to be carded unless they have the same occasion, and then not hard enough to make it a pain instead of a pleasure. We have found an old broom cut off up near the 'tying' to be an excellent article for grooming cows, especially about the roots of the tail, where a card will not work; while not harsh enough to be painful, it will scratch nicely, and reach where the card will not. About as much solid comfort as usually falls to the lot of mortals in this wicked world, may be taken, by the man who loves animals, in seeing them stretch themselves under his brush, or follow him about and poke their noses under his arm, or hold down their heads to be scratched, as natural as folks. Try the old broom, boys, and see how it works."

TEMPERANCE.

A SAD CAREER.

The power of appetite for strong drink is more forcibly illustrated in the following account of the wreck of a talented young man, than we have ever seen it illustrated before.

J. J. Talbot, of Indianapolis, died at South Bend, Ind., on the 2d ult., aged 33. In early life he studied for the ministry and became a Methodist clergyman. Subsequently, after his marriage at Louisville, he joined the Episcopal Church and had charge of a wealthy pastorate, and during the rebellion acted as chaplain for a Kentucky regiment. He left the ministry and became a lawyer. He was at one time a member of Congress from Kentucky. He finally yielded to an inherited appetite for strong drink, and fell to a very low level, but was reclaimed, and became a very effective advocate of temperance. He was the head of the Order of Good Templars in Indiana and succeeded with the British delegation.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax, in a recent letter referring to his death, says of Mr. Talbot: "He has made hundreds of eloquent and touching appeals for temperance all over our state within the past two years, but told me that the appetite would sometimes become insatiable as to almost defy control, though he prayed on bended knee for strength to resist it. I remember the terrible picture of his own experience copied in the enclosed article. He delivered it here, to a crowded audience, hundreds of whom, like myself, were in tears, and he uttered it in desponding tones that seemed almost like the wail of the lost, and as if he felt his impending doom was inevitable."

We quote the following extract referred to by Mr. Colfax:

"But now that the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had position high and holy. This demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterward I had business, large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice, mercy and right. But the dust gathered on my unopened books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money ample for all necessities, but it took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could suggest. This devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least as a dream of the morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that, no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. This destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that too soon she was to remember, and to know her was to love. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine and sorrowing in its shade. This infernal monster couldn't spare me even this. I had a mother who for long, long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease, and her choicest delight was in reflecting that the lessons which she had taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunder-bolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Ah! me; never a word of reproach from her lips—only a tender caress; only a shadow of a great and unspoken grief gathering over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head, only a closer clinging to the cross; only a more piteous appeal, to Heaven if her cup at last were not full. And while her boy raved in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest."

"And thus I stand: a clergyman without a cure; a barrister without brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without a hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The immediate cause of the death of Mr. Talbot, who was suffering from a recent relapse into intemperance, was inflammation of the stomach and congestion of the brain. After a fierce struggle he died with a blissful hope of divine favor.

Intemperance is too broad a term to be confined to the immoderate use of alcohol alone. It includes excessive indulgence in any direction.

OLD DRINKING HABITS IN MAINE.

The Brunswick (Me.) Telegraph prints a communication, which, speaking of residents of the adjoining town of Topsham, fifty years ago, says: In one family of five persons, three of them would each punish three pints of New England rum every day; the other two perhaps a little less. Why I can be so specific, I was a clerk in a store at Topsham and had them for customers. Another instance: we had an old man, who was a customer when I went there and was there when I left, who purchased a pint and a half of gin every day, and Saturdays three pints. He had it charged, paid his bill monthly, and never purchased another article to my recollection. His family consisted only of himself and wife, and she an estimable woman, therefore he must have used all of it himself. The average sales at our store were at least \$10 a day, amounting to \$3,000 per annum. There were five other stores in Topsham, and I have every reason to believe that they sold as much rum as we did. Brunswick had three times as many stores, besides three successful hotels (Topsham had none). I think she must have sold at least double the quantity of Topsham. With New England rum at forty cents a gallon, and the best of imported liquors at \$1, in almost every other family in Topsham there was a drunkard or drunkards. The evil became so great that the people grew alarmed. Two generations of my own family on both sides of the house suffered severely.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE HONEST BOY.

"O Charlie Howard! see what you have done," said his little playmates; "you have broken that large pane of glass in the apothecary's window. He is a cross man, and will scold you real hard when he sees you."

"I am not afraid of him," said brave little Charlie. "My dear mama has always said that 'honesty is the best policy,' and I mean to go and tell him it was an accident, and that I will work in his store, as my papa is poor, and I cannot give him the money for it."

That night when Charlie went home, he said, "Mama, what do you think your little boy has done to-day?—broken a large pane of glass in Mr. Morrison's window! After I had done it, I thought of what you have always said, and I went right away and told him that I did not mean to break the glass, but would work to pay for it. What do you think he said, mama?" He said I was a good little boy, and that he should not care for any pay, and asked me to come again and see him."

"My dear boy," said his mama, putting her arms around his neck, "you do not know how happy it makes me feel to know I have got an honest little boy; and may he always find that 'honesty is the best policy.'"

May all my little readers remember that if they are honest in everything, it will be said of them that they always tell the truth.—[L. B. GORDON.]

THE WAY TO CONQUER.

"I'll master it," said the ax, and his blows fell heavily on the iron, but every blow made his edge more blunt, till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface, till they were all worn down or broken; then he fell aside.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hammer; "I knew you wouldn't do it; I'll show you the way;" but at his first stroke, off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame. They despised the flame, but he curved gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it until it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are many hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries; but there is a power stronger than any of these,—and hard, indeed, is that heart that can resist love.

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

One little fox is "By-and-by." If you track him, you come to his hole which is never.

Another little fox is "I Can't." You had better set on him an active, plucky little thing, "I can" by name. It does wonders.

A third little fox is "No Use in Trying." He has spoiled more vines, and hindered the growth of more fruit, than many a worse-looking enemy.

A fourth little fox is "I Forgot." He is very provoking. He is a great cheat. He slides through your fingers like time. He is seldom caught up with.

A fifth little fox is "Don't Care." Oh, the mischief he has done.

Sixth little fox is "No Matter." It is matter whether your life is spoiled by small faults.

A DISTINGUISHED MAN.

Adam Riese. He was a German, and the first man who undertook to lay down in a book the art of ciphering, hitherto hidden away in a few learned heads, and, by doing this, rendered a very great service to common education. For, while in our times even the very poorest may, if they will, learn to read, write, and cipher, it was once considered a sign of unusual learning when one was but ill-versed in these three arts. The mightiest generals, yes, princes themselves, could not even sign their own names, but had to content themselves with affixing their seals, or making the mark of the cross.

With reckoning, or arithmetic, it was worse still, and the one times one, or multiplication-table, with which you are all so familiar, was indeed, at that time, a thing of the "higher mathematics." Not that the whole realm of the science of numbers, in the broadest sense of the word, has been opened up in the last two or three centuries, for there were already, among the ancients, great mathematicians, Euclid, Pythagoras, and others; but all mathematical knowledge beyond the ability to count units or tens was the exclusive possession of the most learned, while all others were in a state of pitiable ignorance with regard to it.

To remedy this evil of ignorance, Adam Riese wrote his arithmetic, and by it laid the foundation for the popularizing of mathematics. Adam Riese was born in 1492, somewhere in Saxony, but where is unknown. It is claimed that his birthplace was Annaberg, but it is an undisputed fact that this place was not founded till 1496. In 1522, Riese had his little reckoning-book printed under the title, "Reckoning upon Lines and by Figures." In 1525 appeared a second edition. At this time he lived in Annaberg, and turned his skill in figures to good use by keeping the accounts of extensive mining companies. He was a school-master besides, and, in his own private school, taught his art of arithmetic, both on a counting-board with coins and by figures also. He died in the year 1559. His two sons, Abraham and Jacob, were not less distinguished than their father as arithmeticians, especially Abraham, who gained high honor; while his sons also, Heinrich and Carl Riese, sustained fully the reputation of their grandfather.

In ancient times, and the earliest half of the Middle Ages, the Roman system of numbers prevailed, by which certain letters expressed a fixed number of units without changing their value with their place. Christianity was borne everywhere upon the wings of the Latin speech, and its quickly won sovereignty impressed upon other peoples many of the different usages of the Roman empire.

About the year 900, the European world received by Gerbert, afterward Pope Sylvester II, knowledge of an entirely new and much simpler art of reckoning. Gerbert spent several years in Moorish Spain, and studied hard at her high schools. He made the acquaintance of the mathematical and astronomical works of the Greeks in Latin translations, and became familiar with the Arabic system of enumeration. After he, in 999, ascended the Papal chair, he used every means to spread throughout Europe a knowledge of this Arabic method. But he succeeded only with the learned; the common people got very little idea of the whole matter, and continued to make diligent use of their thumbs and fingers for the little reckoning which they found necessary in daily life. But Adam Riese broke the ban, and kindled a new light in the dark night of Middle Age ignorance. Riese did not number from right to left, as we do, but from left to right, the word million he did not use at all. The numbers 27,945,123,458, Riese would not read in our way, but as follows: Seven and ninety thousand thousand times thousand, three hundred thousand times thousand, five and forty thousand times thousand, hundred thousand, three and twenty thousand, four hundred and eight and fifty.

This arithmetic passed through many editions, and was held in high esteem and authority for fully two hundred years.

If you cannot be a great river, bearing great vessels of blessings to the world, you can be a little spring by the dusty wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night, and giving a cup of cold water to every weary, thirsty one who passes by.

A little girl, showing her little cousin, about four years old, a star, said, "That star you see up there, is bigger than this world." "No, it isn't," said he, "Yes, it is." "Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?"

"It's all over with me!" as the pan-cake said, when it was turned.

JOSH BILLINGS.

If a man wants to get at his actual dimensions let him visit a graveyard. If any man wants to be an old bachelor, and get sick at a boarding tavern, and have a back room in the 4th story, and a red-haired chamber maid bring his water-gruel to him in a tin wash-basin, I have always sed, and I stick to it yet, he has got a perfect rite to do it.

An individual tew be a fine gentleman, has either got to be born so or be brought up to it from infancy; he kante learn suddenly any more than he can learn to talk injun correctly by practicing on a tommyhawk.

Owing to the high price and scarcity of veal in Nu York sitty, meny of the first families are using artificial calves. They say it helps to finish out the leg of mutton fust rate.

When a man loses his helth, then he fust begins to take care of it. This is good judgment! This is!

It is getting so now-a-daze if a man can't cheat in some way he ain't happy.

Success in life iz apt to make us forget the time when we was't much. It is so with the frog on the jump, he can't remember that he was a tadpole—but other folks can.

Some Nose.—Deacon C., of Hartford, Conn., is well known as being provided with an enormous handle to his countenance, in the shape of a huge nose; in fact, it is remarkable for its great length. On a late occasion, when taking up a collection in the church to which he belonged, as he passed through the congregation, every person to whom he presented the box seemed to be possessed by a sudden and uncontrollable desire to laugh. The deacon did not know what to make of it. He had often passed it around before, but no such effects had he witnessed. The deacon was fairly puzzled. The secret, however, leaked out. He had been afflicted a day or two with a sore on his nasal appendage, and had placed a small piece of sticking plaster over it. During the morning of the day in question, the plaster had dropped off, and the deacon seeing it, as he supposed, on the floor, picked it up and stuck it on again. But alas for men who sometimes make great mistakes, he picked instead one of the pieces of paper which the manufacturers of spool cotton paste on the head of every spool, and which read, "Warranted to hold out 200 yds." Such a sign on such a nose was enough to upset the gravity of any congregation.

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SHELF HARDWARE,

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IN CROCKERY AND GLASS WARE

There is enough to SUPPLY THE MILLION.

MIRRORS OF ALL SIZES AND PRICES; and WE MAKE A SPECIALTY IN WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES, and SHADE FIXTURES; and THE VERY BEST CLOTHES WRINGER IN THE MARKET.

Oil Cloth Carpet, 11-2 and 2 yards wide, Car Mattings for chambers, Cotton and Wool Carpets, All Wool Carpets, Tapestry, Brussels Carpets, Hemp Carpets, Rugs, Hoses, and Stair Carpets.

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AND VERY NICE CEESE FEATHERS.

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C. J. PATCH

Hyde Park, April 17, 1877.

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to any one, under any circumstances, and of Vermont give no right to Druggists, and any one doing it does it at his own risk.

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HYDEPARK, VT., April 17, 1877.

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